

Self Control - Part 3

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

Temptation becomes too much and our hero ends up falling into bed with a man and completing his transformation into a big titted bimbo.

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I didn't know how to react; just when I thought my own shame and humiliation couldn't get any stronger the universe found new ways to punish me. Not only had I just cum in my pants like a horny teenager in the middle of a party, it was a guy who had gotten me off and now my own cock was gone. At some point during my post orgasm haze it had melted away back into my body and the wetness of seed was replaced with an entirely new kind of slickness.

To add even more salt to the wound that HyperSex was still working in overdrive. Already my own desire was starting to build again and it must have shown on my face because Brandon looked down at me with predatory glee.

"We can go again if you like..." He teased, pressing his fingers into the empty space where my manhood had been mere moments ago and finding nothing but a warm mound. My face blushed an even deeper shade of crimson and he chuckled.

"Oh yeah, want to take this for a spin?" He pressed a finger between my folds, pushing the fabric of my boxers and shorts between them.

The roughness of the material should have felt itchy but instead a small whimper escaped my lips. The fabric scraped against my sensitive folds and made them burn with need. I had to say no, I had to fight it but my body had other ideas. Even as my mind screamed at me to stop, my legs wound its way around Brandon's, feeling the taut muscle there.

"I'll take that as a yes." He purred, taking me by the hand and leading me through the crowd.

My heart was racing; excitement for what was about to happen pounded in my veins as well as warning bells. I couldn't let this guy fuck me, my tits were already huge, another orgasm was sure to make them grow even more, not to mention my lack of cock. If I got much more feminised I probably wouldn't look male at all!

My eyes darted around the party as we moved from room to room, everywhere were men from the pledge in various states of change. One woman was splayed out in a circle of guys, one had his face between her legs while she writhed. I never would have been able to tell she was ever a man were it not for the fact that her breasts ballooned as she wailed.

Would that be me soon? I shivered at the thought and realised I had no idea if it was from fear, excitement or desire; likely a mix of the three.

The party had already devolved into complete debauchery so I was amazed when Brandon nudged open a door to find an empty bedroom. Bed pristinely made, almost begging some two people to mess it up. I swallowed, trying to find my voice.

"I...I really shouldn't..." I muttered, eyes glued to Brandon as he removed his shirt and revealed a chest of rippling muscles that made my knees go weak. "I'm supposed to resist..."

"And we're supposed to seduce you." Brandon chuckled, "That's the whole point."

Butterflies formed and began to race in my stomach at the word 'seduce', it was such a salacious word. Meant for porn and romance novels and always for women, at least in my experience. I wasn't a woman though, even if I did have a soaking wet pussy that was currently throbbing with need. It almost hurt, an ache forming deep inside me that I knew came from emptiness. If I could just fill it, I would be satisfied.

Perhaps if I let myself be fucked just once, I would be gratified enough to stop and escape this hellish party. If I was really strong perhaps I could even force myself to go home and sit in a cold shower until the drug was out of my system. But I couldn't tear my eyes away from Brandon's chest and as he got closer my arms actually reached out to press against them. He felt so solid, especially compared to my new soft, bouncy breasts.

Without thinking I took a step forward and pressed them to him, groaning as I felt my hard nipples crush against his skin. My shirt was thin but not nearly thin enough; my curiosity was far too great; I had to know what it felt like to have skin on skin contact.

Hungry for it, I ripped my own shirt off, fully revealing my new breasts for the first time. They were pert and pretty, large enough to be undeniable now but still nowhere near as huge as the woman from downstairs. Brandon's hands reached forward to grasp them, squeezing the sensitive mounds and making my whole body shiver. It was unlike anything I had ever experienced, the closest I could equate it to was having my balls gently squeezed, except stronger and over a far larger area.

"You can tell me to stop any time." Brandon teased and I hissed, gritting my teeth.

I believed him too, the man was a master. This was all in my hands but my self control was melting away with every stroke of his fingers. As they tweaked my nipples I moaned, stepping closer rather than further away.

“Just...a little more.”

I hated how desperate my voice sounded but I just couldn't help it. Those strong arms pulled me close, pressing my sensitive chest into him as he pulled us both back onto the bed. Suddenly his lips were on mine and I found myself kissing him back. My head tilted back and I let his tongue dominate mine, my own submission sending warm tendrils of pleasure through my entire body.

My new pussy was soaking through my boxers now as Brandon's hands traced over the curve of my breasts and down to my hips. HAd my hips always been that wide? I didn't think so but as he pulled down my trousers and underwear I could feel the subtle stretch of the elastic that surely hadn't been as tight before.

The sound of Brandon unzipping his fly sent a thrill through me. This was actually happening, I was about to get fucked by another guy. Was it gay to do that if I technically had at least most of a woman's body right now? As he firmly flipped me onto my stomach and raised my hips I decided I didn't care; I just needed him in me.

I pushed myself up on my elbows and knees, ass in the air doggy style as he pressed the tip of his cock against my new hole. I braced myself for pain but Brandon decided to tease things out. Slowly stroking the tip of his cock along my folds, pressing it against my clit and then back up to my hole. Over and over again he teased and each time I had to fight harder and harder to stay silent; desperate to hold on to even the smallest part of my dignity.

“Come on now,” Brandon taunted, “You can let it out, I won't rub it in, I promise.”

“F-fuuuck you.”

“No, fuck you, that's the whole idea.”

He punctuated the last word with a rock of his hips, pushing the head of his cock inside me at last. A gasp escaped my lips before I could slam them shut again. I could feel my inner walls stretching, the burn wasn't painful as I expected but instead wonderful. It felt right, like this was how things were meant to be. Slowly, achingly slowly, Brandon began to push

further inside and my control failed. I wailed, a high pitched, breathy sound that didn't sound the least bit masculine.

"There we go, that's more like it!"

The floodgates were open, now that I had started I couldn't stop. Brandon thrust into me before withdrawing almost the entire way, never pausing enough to let me get my bearings.

"Ahh! Oooh oohhh fuck yes! Yes, more, more!"

I begged and I writhed, rolling my hips with his thrusts and feeling my breasts drag against the soft blankets as they began to grow even more.

"Oh n-nooo, oh fuck m-my ass."

It was swelling now, growing heavy and round to match my widening hips. I could feel it taking on a cute peachy shape and my cheeks flushed knowing Brandon had a front row seat. His hands gripped my hips, thumbs brushing over the now bouncy skin at the sides of my ass.

"Looking good babe."

Oh. Oh I hated how much I loved being called babe. It made my pussy clench even tighter around his cock and Brandon laughed.

"You like that, don't you babe."

"N-no I ah...ahhhhh..."

"You do, you love being thrust into like a whore, you love being dominated don't you, babe?"

"Nghhh...mmmm..."

It was so hard to stop from saying yes, everything felt so good I couldn't even see straight. I could feel my insides getting tighter as I neared another orgasm, my body already changing further as I got closer. Along with my ass I could feel my lips beginning to plump as I bit

down on them. I was forced to stop, letting my gasps and moans go unimpeded as the skin there became even more soft and sensitive.

A hand came to rest on my shoulders before sliding down the curve of my back, making it impossible to ignore the new hourglass shape my body was taking on.

“Got a good figure on you babe.”

My pussy tightened again against my will, Brandon’s thrusts became short and sharp. The head of his cock was resting against a small bundle of nerves deep inside me that was making me see stars. I knew I was lost, there was no escaping it now.

“I-I’m going t-to...aaahhhhhh!!”

The orgasm washed over me like a wave, I could feel something deep inside of me squeezing tight as I squirted against Brandon’s cock and my breasts once again doubled in size, my ass following suit. My moan changed in pitch as my Adam’s apple melted away and as Brandon finally came as well, I felt a splash inside me, my new womb swallowing up the seed eagerly.

Brandon pulled out almost too fast, leaving my hole empty and exposed to the cold night air, seed and juices dripping down my leg as I collapsed onto the bed, breathing heavily. Humiliation flooded my system; what had I just done? Where had all my bravado and confidence gone.

My new pussy was aching, my lips full and indented from where my teeth had bitten down on them and my breasts were beginning to hurt as they were crushed under my weight. Desperately, I searched the sensations in my body, hoping to find anything masculine left but I came up dry. Even as I rolled over to face the grinning Brandon as he sat at the foot of the bed I could see I had gone too far.

Moonlight from the window danced across my skin, revealing a lithe yet curvaceous body that was undeniably a woman’s. Even my feet had shrunk and become dainty and a quick touch to my face revealed my sharp chin and high cheekbones as rounded into something much more feminine.

“Well, safe to say you failed that test.” Brandon chuckled, “Don’t feel bad though, I think everybody has. Here, better get dressed before I tempt you again huh? Though, I don’t think those clothes will fit you anymore.”

He threw my clothes over to me and I looked down at them in despair. He was right, but what choice did I have? Without any other options available, I started the arduous task of stretching my shirt enough to get it over my tits.